

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?  
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,  
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,  
That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking?  
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,  
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,  
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.  
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

*Laer.* Dread my Lord,  
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,  
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke  
To shew my duty in your Coronation,  
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,  
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

*King.* Haue you your Fathers leaue?

What sayes *Polonius*?

*Pol.* He hath my Lord;

I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

*King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:  
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

*Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

*King.* How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?  
*Ham.* Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

*Queen.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,  
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for euer with thy veyled lids  
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;  
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,  
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

*Ham.* I Madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be;

Why seemes it so particular with thee.

*Ham.* Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:

'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)  
Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,  
Nor the dejected hauiour of the Visage,  
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,  
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,  
For they are actions that a man might play:  
But I haue that Within, which passeth show;  
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your Father:

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound

In filiall Obligation, for some terme

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer

In obstinate Condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmannerly grieffe,

It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,

A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Vnderstanding simple, and vnchool'd:

For, what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peeuish Opposition

Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heaven,

A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,

To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame

Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,

This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs  
As of a Father; For let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our Throne,  
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,  
Then that which deere'st Father beares his Sonne,  
Do I impart towards you. For your intent  
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:

And we beseech you, bend you to remaine

Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,

Our cheefest Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.

*Laer.* Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:

I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best

Obeie you Madam.

*King.* Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,

Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,

This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*

Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

No iocund health that Denmarke drinks to day,

But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,

And the Kings Rounce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,

Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

*Manet Hamlet.* *Exeunt*

*Ham.* Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,

Thaw, and reflowe it selfe into a Dew:

Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt

His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable

Seemes to me all the vses of this world?

Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden

That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature

Possesse it meereely. That it should come to this:

But two monthes dead: Nay, not so much; not two,

So excellent a King, that was to this

*Hieron* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,

That he might not beteene the windes of heauen

Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth

Must I remember: why she would hang on him,

As if encrease of Appetite had growne

By what it fed on; and yet within a month?

Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.

A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,

With which she followed my poore Fathers body

Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.

(O Heauen! a beast that wants discourse of Reason

Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,

My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,

Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares

Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,

She married. O most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* Haile to your Lordship.

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:

*Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

*Hor.* The same my Lord,

And your poore Seruant euer.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend,

Ile change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.

But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge*?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not haue your Enemy say so;

Nor shall you doe mine care that violence,

To make it trustful of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:

But what is your affaire in *Elfenour*?

Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

*Hor.* My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

*Ham.* I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)

I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;

Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,

Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinks I see my father.

*Hor.* Oh where my Lord?

*Ham.* In my minds eye (*Horatio*)

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look vpon his like againe.

*Hor.* My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw? Who?

*Hor.* My Lord, the King your Father,

*Ham.* The King my Father?

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while

With an attent care; till I may deliuer

Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,

This maruell to you.

*Ham.* For Heauens loue let me heare.

*Hor.* Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch

In the dead wast and middle of the night

Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,

Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,

Appeares before them, and with solemne march

Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,

By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,

Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd

Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,

Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,

And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,

Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,

Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

*Hor.* My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;

And at the sound it shrinkt in hast away,

And vanisht from our sight.

*Ham.* Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;

And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.